the base of the neck to hide bad modeling."
The red-haired girl plaughed a little.
"You want to do landscapes with cattle knee-deep in grass to hide bad drawing. You want to do a great deal more than you can do. You have some of color but you can do. You have some of color but you want form

Maisie assented to the new programme of

schooling so adorably that Dick could hardly restrain himself from picking her

up then and there and carrying her off to the nearest registrar's office. It was the im-

plicit obedience to the spoken word and the blank indifference to the unspoken desire that buffled and buffeted his soul. He held

authority in that house,—authority limited, indeed, to one-half of one alternoon in seven, but very real while it lasted. Maisie had

learned to appeal to him on many subjects, from the proper packing of pictures to the

condition of a smoky chimney. The red-haired girl never consulted him about any-

thing. On the other hand, she accepted his

appearances without protest, and watched him always. He discovered that the meals

of the establishment were irregular and fragmentary. They depended chiefly on tea,

pickles and biscuit, as he had suspected from

the beginning. The girls were supposed to market week and week about, but they lived, with the help of a charwoman, as

casually as the young ravens. Maisie spent

most of her income on models, and the other girl revelled in apparatus as refined

as her work was rough. Armed with know-ledge dear-bought from the Docks, Dick warned Maisie that the end of semi-starva-

tion meant the crippling of power to work,

which was considerably worse than death.

his trouble returned upon him, as it gener-

brush of the smoky drawing-room chimney

He conceived that this memory would be the extreme of his sufferings till, one Sun-

day, the red-haired girl announced that she would make a study of Dick's head, and

ly-that Binat who had once been an artist

It was the merest monochrome roughing

in of a head, but it presented the dumb

waiting, the longing, and above all the

and talked about degradation.

your own price."

stung Dick like a whip-lash.

Life and Love?

ing through the records as telegraph poles fly ust the traveler. Maisie listened and odded her head. The histories of strife and releation did not move her a hair's breadth: At the end of each canto he would conclude, "And that gave me some notion of handling color," or light, or what-ever it might be that he set out to pursue and understand. He led her breathless across half the world, speaking as he had never spoken in his life before. And in the flood-tide of his exaltation there came upon him a great desire to pick up this maiden who nodded her head and said, "I understand. Go on,"—to pick her up and to carry her away with him, because she was Maisie, and because she understood, and because she was his right, and a woman to be

desired above all women.

Then he checked himself abruptly. "And so I took all I wanted," he said "and I had to fight for it. Now you tell." Maisie's tale was almost as gray as her It covered years of patient toil backed by savage pride that would not be broken though dealers laughed, and fogs delayed work, and Kami was akind and even sarcastic, and girls in other studios were painfully polite. It had a few bright spots—pictures accepted at provincial exhibitions-but it wound up with the oft-repeated wail, "And so you see, Dick, I had to success, though I worked so hard."

Then pity filled Dick. Even thus had Maisie spoken when she could not hit the breakwater, half an hour before she had kissed him. And that had happened yes-

"Never mind," said he. "I'll 'tell you something, if you'll believe it." were shaping themselves of their own ac-"The whole thing, lock, stock and barrel, isn't worth one big yetlow sea-poppy below Fort Keeling."
Maisie flushed a litte. "It's all very well
for you to talk, but you've had the success

"Let me talk, then. I know you'll understand. Maisie dear, it sounds a bit absurd, but those ten years never existed, and I've come back again. It really is just the same. Can't you see? You're alone now and I'm alone. What's the use of worry ing? Come to me instead, darling." Maisie poked the gravel with her parasol They were sitting on a bench. "I understand," she said, slowly. "But I've got my work to do and I must do it."

'Do it with me, then, dear. I won't inter-No. I couldn't. It's my work-minemine-mine! I've been alone all my life in myself, and I'm not going to belong to anybody except myself. I remember things as well as you do, but that doesn't count. We were babies then, and we didn't know what was before us. Dick, don't be selfish I think I see my way to a little success next year. Don't take it away from me." "I beg your pardon, darling. It's my fault for speaking idiotically. I can't expect you to throw up all your life just because I'm back. I'll go to my own place

and wait a little."
"But, Dick, I don't want you to-go-out of-my life, now that you've just come "I'm at your orders. Forgive me." Dick devoured the troubled little face with his eyes. There was triumph in them, because he could not conceive how Maisie could refuse sooner or later to love him, since he

'It's wrong of me," said Maisie, more slowly than before, "it's wrong and selfish; but—oh, I've been so lonely! No, you misunderstand. Now I've seen you again-it's absurd, but I want you to keep it in my

'Naturally. We belong." 'We don't; but you always understood me, and there is so much in my work that you could help me in. You know things and the ways of doing things. You must. "I do, I fancy, or else I don't know myself. Then I suppose you won't care to lose sight of me altogether, and you want me to elp you in your work?"

"Yes; but remember, Dick, nothing will ever come of it. That's why I feel so selfish. Let things stay as they are. I do want "You shall have it. But let's consider. I

must see your pies first, and overhaul your must see your pics arst, and overhaut your seeks, and find out about your tendencies. You should see what the papers say about my tendencies. Then I'll give you about my tendencies. Then I'll give you about my tendencies. Then I'll give you are at sight—and was tingling "See? See what?" good advice, and you shall paint according. Isn't that it, Maisie?" Again there was unboly triumph in

'It's too good of you-much too good. Because you are consoling yourself with what will never happen, and I know that, and yet I wish to keep you. Don't blame me later, please."
"I'm going into the matter with my eyes open. Moreover, the Queen can do no

Dick's eve.

wrong. It isn't your selfishness that impresses me. It's your audacity in proposing to make use of me," "Poon! You're only Dick-and a print "Very good. That's all I am. But,

Maisie, you believe, don't you, that I love you? I don't want you to have any false otions about prothers and sisters." Maisie looked up for a moment and dropped her eyes. "It's absurd, but-I believe. I wish I

could send you away before you get angry with me. But—but the girl that lives with me is red-haired, and an impressionist, and all our notions clash."
"So do ours, I think. Never mind. Three months from to-day we shall be laughing at

this together. Maisie shook her head mournfully. knew you wouldn't understand, and it will only hurt you more when you find out. Look at my face, Dick, and tell me what

They stood up and faced each other for a fog was gathering, and it stiffed the roar of the traffic of London be yond the railings. Dick brought all his painfully acquired knowledge of faces to eyes, mouth and chin underneath the black velvet toque.

"It's the same Maisie, and it's the same e," he said. "We've both nice little wills of our own, and one or other of us has to be broken. Now about the future. I must come and see your pictures some day-I suppose when the red-haired girl is on the

Sundays are my best times. You must come on Sundays. There are such heaps of things I want to talk about and ask your advice about. Now I must get back to

"Try to find out before next Sunday what I am," said Dick. "Don't take my word for anything I've told you. Goodby, dar-

ling, and bless you." Maisic stole away like a little gray mouse. Dick watched her till she was out of sight, but he did not hear her say to herself very suberly—"I'm a wretch—a horrid, selfish wretch. But it's Dick, and Dick will

among other things, an exposition of the faith that was in him. Torpenhow's hair No one has yet explained what actually would have stood on end had he heard the fluency with which Dick preached his own happens when an irresistible force meets the nimovable post, though many have thought gospel of art. deeply, even as Dick thought. He tried to A month before, Dick would have been

assure himself that Maisie would be led in a few weeks by his mere presence and discourse to a better way of thinking. Then he remembered much too distinctly her face and all that was written on it. whys and wherefores of work. There is not "If I know anything of heads," he said, the least difficulty in doing a thing if you there's everything in that face but love. I only know how to do it; the trouble is to explain your method. nall have to purt that in myself; and that his and mouth won't be won for nothing. nt she's right. She knows what she wants, id she's going to get it. What insolence! my hand," said Dick, despairingly, over the modeling of a chin that Maisie complained e! Of all the people in the wide world, to a me! But then she's Maisie. There's no would not "look flesh,"-it was the same chin that she had scraped out with the palette-knife,-"but I find it almost impos-

ting over that fact; and it's good to see ngain. This business must have been mering at the back of my head for years.

* She'll use me as I used Binat at Port She's quite right. It will hurt a I shall have to see her every Sunlike a young man courting a house.

L. She's sure to come round; and yet mouth isn't a vielding mouth. I shall vanting to kiss her all the time, and I have to look at her pictures-I don't know what sort o! work she does yet-I shall have to talk about Artnan's Art! Therefore, particularly and petually, dame all varieties of Art. It me a good turn once, and now it's in way. I'll go home and do some Art.' alf way to the studio, Dick was smitten a terrible thought. The figure of a tary woman in the fog suggested it. She's all slone in London with a red-

haired impressionist girl, who probably has the digestion of an ostrich. Most red-haired people have. Maisie's a bilious little body. They'll eat like lone women—meals at all hours and ten with all meals. I remember how the students in Paris used to pig along. She may fall ill at any minute, and I shan't be able to help. Whew! this is ten times worse than owning a wife."

Torpenhow came into the studio at dusk, and looked at Dick with his eyes full of the austere love that springs up between men who have tugged at the same oar together and are yoked by custom and use and the intimacies of toil. This is a good love, and, since it allows, and even eucourages, strife, recrimination, and the most brutal sincerity, does not die, but increases, and is proof against any absence and evil conduct. Dick was silent after he handed Torpenhow the filled pipe of council. He thought of Maisie and her possible needs. It was a

new thing to think of anybody but Torpen-how, who could think of himself. Here at last was an outlet for that cash balance. He could adorn Maisie barbarically with jewelry-a thick gold necklace round that little neck, bracelets upon the rounded arms, and rings of price upon her handsthe cool temperate ringless hands that he had taken between his own. It was an aballow him to put one ring on one finger, and she would laugh at golden trappings. It would be better to sit with her quietly in the dusk, his arm around her neck and her face on his shoulder as befitted husband and wife. Tornenhow's boots creaked that night, and his strong voice jarred. Dick's brows The words contracted and he murmured an evil word, eir own ne- because he had taken all his success as a right and part payment for past discomfort, and now he was checked in his stride by a woman who admitted all the success did not instantly care for him.

"I say, old man," said Torpehow, who had made one or two vain attempts at conversation, "I haven't put your back up by anything I've said lately, have I?"

"You! No. How could you?"
"Liver out of order?" "The truly healthy man doesn't know he has a liver. I'm only a bit worried about things in general. I suppose it's my soul."
"The truly healthy man doesn't know he has a soul. What business have you with luxuries of that kind?"
"It came of itself. Who's the man that says that we're all islands shouting lies to

each other across seas of misunderstanding?"
"He's right, whoever he is—except about Maisie took the warning, and gave more thought to what she ate and drank. When the misunderstanding. I don't think we could misunderstand each other." ally did in the long winter twilights, the remembrance of that little act of domestic authority and his coercion with a hearth-The blue smoke curled back from the ceiling in clouds. Then Torpenhow, insinu-

"Dick, is it a woman?" "Be hanged if it's anything remotely re-sembling a woman; and if you begin to talk like that I'll hire a red-brick studio with white paint trimmings, and begonias and petunias and blue Hungarias to play among three-and-sixpenny pot-palms, and I'll mount all my pics in aniline dye plush plasters, and I'll invite every woman who velps and maunders and moans over what her guide books tell her is art, and you

shall receive 'em, Torp—in a snuff-brown velvet coat with yellow trousers and an orange tie. You'll like that." Too thin, Dick. A better man than you denied with cursing and swearing on a memorable occasion. You've overdone it, iust as he did. It's no business of mine, o course, but it's comforting to think that somewhere under the stars there's saving up for you a tremendous thrashing. Whether it'll come from heaven or earth, I don't know, but it's bound to come and break you up a little. You want hammering."

Dick shivered. "All right," said he.
"When this island is disintegrated it will

call for you." "I shall come round the corner and help disintegrate it some more. We're talking nonsense. Come along to a theater.' Some weeks later, on a very foggy Sunday, Dick was returning across the park to his studio. "This," he said, "is evidently

the thrashing that Torp meant. It harts more than I expected; but the queen can do no wrong; and she certainly has some notion of drawing."
He had just finished a Sunday visit to have mine

few poor cuttings from provincial papers-

the briefest of hurried notes on some of her

pictures sent to outlying exhibitions. Dick

stooped and kissed the paint-smudged thumb

on the open page. "Oh, my love, my love," he muttered, "do you value these things?

"Not till I get something better," said

Then Dick, moved by no respect for his

public and a very deep regard for the

to secure more of these coveted cuttings, that

maiden, did deliberately propose, in order

should paint a picture which Maisie

"That's childish," said Maisie, "and I

didn't think it of you. It must be my work.
Mine-mine-mine!"

rich brewers' houses. You are thoroughly good at that." Dick was sick and savage,

"Better things than medaliious, Dick," was the answer, in tones that recailed a

gray-eyed atom's fearless speech to Mrs. Jennett. Dick would have abased himself

utterly, but that the other girl trailed in. Next Sunday he laid at Maisie's feet small

gifts of pencils that could almost draw of

themselves, and colors in whose permanence

he believed, and he was ostentatiously at-

"I could put this right if I had a brush in

sible to teach you. There's a queer grim Dutch touch about your painting that I

like; but I've a notion that you're weak in

drawing. You foreshorten as though you never used the model, and you've caught

Kami's pasty way of dealing with flesh in shadow. Then, again, though you don't know it yourself, you shirk hard work. Suppose you spend some of your time on line alone. Line doesn't allow of shirking. Oils do, and three square inches of flashy tricky stuff in the corner of a pic sometimes.

tricky stuff in the corner of a pic sometimes carry a bad thing off-as I know. That's

immoral. Do line-work for a little while,

and then I can tell more about your powers,

Maisie protested; she did not care for the

as old Kami used to sav.

"Go and design decorative medallions for

Chuck 'em into the waste-paper basket!'

Maisie, shutting the book.

should sign.

with a keen sense of shame. Sunday after "Nothing; only, I know that if I could Sunday, putting on his best clothes, he had get any man to look at me as that man looks at you, I'd-I don't know what I'd do. But walked over to the untidy house north of the Park, first to see Maisie's pictures, and he hates me. Oh, how he hates me!" then to criticise and advise upon them as he She was not altogether correct. Dick's hatred was tempered with gratitude for a few moments, and then he forgot the girl entirely. Only the sense of shame remained, and he was nursing it across the park in the fog. "There'll be an explosion one of these days" he said, wrathfully. "But it isn't Maisie's fault; she's right, quite right, as far as she knows, and I can't blame her. This business has been going on for three months, nearly. These wouther realized that they were productions on which advice would not be wasted. Sunday after Sunday, and his love grew with each visit, he had been compelled to cram his heart back from between his lips when it prompted him to kiss Maisie several times and very much indeed. Sunday after Sunday, the head above the heart had warned him that Massie was not yet attainable, and that It would be better to talk as connectedly as on for three months, nearly. Three months! -and it cost me ten years' knocking about possible upon the mysteries of the craft that possible upon the mysteries of the craft that to get at the notion, the merest raw notion, was all in all to her. Therefore it was his of my work. That's true; but then I didn't tate to endure weekly torture in the studio have pins, drawing-pins and palette-knives, built out over the clammy back garden of a frail and stuffy little villa, where nothing stuck into me every Sunday. Oh, my little darling, if ever I break you, somebody will have a very bad time of it. No, she won't. was ever in its right place, and nobody ever called—to endure and to watch Maisie mov-I'd be as big a fool about her as I am now.
I'll poison that red-haired girl on my weding to and fro with the teacups. He abding-day—she's unwholesome—and now I'll pass on these present bad times to Torp." longer time in her presence he drank it de-voutly, and the red-haired girl sat in an un-(To be continued next Sunday.) tidy heap and eyed him without speaking. She was always watching him. Once, and only once, when she had left the studio, Maisie showed him an album that held a

A SPECULATOR'S SCHEME

How Colonel De Frece Made Stanley's Lecture Pay Him Big Money. New York Press.]

Coionel De Frece tells how he managed to make his stage at the Stanley lecture pay him about \$4,000. It is a trick worth knowing, although I do not think he intended that the public should be taken into his confidence in relation to it. The Colonel went down to Mayor Grant's office and got a list of the prominent citizens who had been named on the World's Fair Committee, as representative New Yorkers, when we were trying to secure the location of the Fair in this city. With this list as a basis he sent out 400 polite notes about as follows:

My DEAR SIR—You have been selected to serve as a member of the Committee on Re-ception at the Metropolitan Opera House on the occasion of Henry M. Stanley's first lecture in America. Kindly notify me at once of your

acceptance. There were very few replies that were not in the nature of an acceptance. Every man who got such a note as that felt flattered by the distinction and sent in his acceptance at once. Thereupon a second note was sent to him requesting him to send a check for \$10 for his stage seat. Having accepted the honor he couldn't very well refuse to pay for honor he couldn't very well refuse to pay for it, even though he knew and felt he had been tricked. Yet I am told that some gen-tlemen, upon the receipt of the second letter, had the good sense to write and decline either to serve on the "reception commit-tee" or to send \$10 to Colonel De Frece.

Shipbuilders' Pitch. A new white pitch for shipbuilders is coming into use, and which, says the Springfield Republican, supersedes the usual laborious, expensive and inadequate method of treating decks by working putty into the seams with a knife. The peculiarity of this white pisch is, as claimed, that it is the only material yet introduced of a white color that can be run into deck seams in a hot state like ordinary pitch. The material is especially suitable for hot climates, as it will stand the sun's heat in-

The Coal Mining industries of Trinidad, Col., are something really wonderful. The mines are what are commonly called the "side-hill mines" so frequently found in Pennsylvania and other mountain mining regions. There are three veins of coal, the upper one seven to twelve feet thick, and so that the miners at 50c per ton frequently make to exceed \$100 per month. The lead-ing operator there said that the time was likely to come when coal would be put aboard the car at Trinidad at 75 cents per ton, and leave a bandsome profit to the mine operator. For full information address pure line. "I know," said Dick. "You want to do Trinidad Land and Improvement Co., Triniyour fancy heads with a bunch of flowers at | dad, Col.

ON FOOT IN EUROPE

great deal more than you can do. You have sense of color, but you want form. Color's a gift—put it aside and think no more about it—but form you can be drilled into. Now, all your fancy heads—and some of them are very good—will keep you exactly where you are. With line you must go forward or backward, and it will show up all your weaknesses." WORKERS IN THE BRICK KILNS.

Locked Up in a Sky Parlor and Robbed by a Lawless Waiter.

Lillian Spencer Describes Her Jour-

ney Through Belgium.

all your weaknesses."

"But other people—" began Maisle.

"You mustn't mind what other people do.

If their souls were your soul, it would be different. You stand and fall by your own ADVICE FOR OTHER PEDESTRIANS

work, remember, and it's waste of time to think of anyone else in this battle." Dick paused, and the longing that had been so resolutely put away came back into his eyes. He looked at Maisie, and the look asked as plainly as words, was it not time to leave all this barren wilderness of CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. MECHLIN, BELGIUM, November 11 .-Fifteen miles is a long walk for a well woman. For an invalid it is-well try it canvas and counsel, and join hands with

If you have ever been picked up and dropped from the roof of a house to the sidewalk, or tumbled under the wheels of a carriage, or been thrown from the back of a frolicksome horse, then you may have some faint conception of the battered up feelings of your anatomy on the morning following your tramp. Otherwise you cannot possibly conceive how stiff and sore and played out you are. I know I was.

In my disguise of an invalid I may say it was the biggest dose of allopathic medicine I ever took.

To those who follow my example and undertake a walking tour on their own account I have this to say: Take it homeopathically! Start out with 5 miles, continue for a week, then begin and add from 1 to 2 miles a day, and by the end of a month a 15 miles stretch will have become a pleasant stroll. In walking do not lag! Hold the body erect, throw up the head, straighten the shoulders and let the arms hang freely by the side. Start out with a long swinging step, and when fatigued break into a brisk lively gait. Never sit down longer than five minutes at a time. A half hour's rest precludes the possibility of going on com-tortably again. It stiffens the joints and creates a languor delicious in the extreme, but difficult, and in some cases impossible to shake off. Five minutes answers the purpose perfectly well.

FAVORS LIGHT BREAKFASTS, The best plan of regulating the day is to rise at 7 and take a light breakfast of cafeau-lait and rolls. You will more than likely do this under any circumstances, since it is about all that can be had at that hour. And a good custom, too. I blame half my illealth to the heavy American breakfast. Meat, potatoes, hot breads, cakes and coffee are all very well at noon, but nature never intended that they should be eaten imme-

that he would be good enough to sit still, and—quite as an afterthought—look at Maisie. He sat, because he could not well refuse, and for the space of half an hour he reflected on all the people in the past whom he had laid open for the purposes of his own craft. He remembered Binat most distinctdiately upon rising.

After partaking of the cafe-au-lait, which will be served free of charge in the room, consume a half hour or so with the papers, and then start out. Walk in the shade of the tall, green trees, which, like an army of stalwart giants, stan'l side by side, lining the beautiful white roads as far as the eye

hopeless enslavement of the man, in a spirit can see.
At noon stop for an hour, and then par of bitter mockery.
"I'll buy it," said Dick, promptly, "at take of the "dejeuner-a-la-fourchette," after which I recommend at least two hours' re-"My price is too high, but I daresay pose. Resume the walk, say at 2:30 or 3, and continue until 6. Retire at 10. A you'll be as grateful if-" The wet sketch fluttered from the girl's hand and sponge bath morning and evening is a great tonic, and is indispensable. By following fell into the ashes of the studio stove. When she picked it up it was hopelessly the above plan, from 15 to 20 miles can be "Oh, it's all spoiled?" said Maisie. "And I never saw it. Was it like?"
"Thank you," said Dick under his breath to the red-haired girl. And he removed himself swiftly. healthfully accomplished in one day. The change in one's general condition becomes apparent after the first week. The warm sun, pitying the pale face, no doubt, stains it with a delicate coloring of brown, which lends a ruddy glow to the hitherto emaciated countenance; a brilliancy to the dull eyes, "How that man hates me!" said the girl. "And how he loves you, Maisie!"
"What nousense! I know Dick's very and a rich glow to the pallid lips. The con-stant exercise of the muscles of the body, together with the inhalation of the body, fresh air, sends the sluggish old blood coursing through the veins and stirs the sluggish liver to unwonted activity. fond of me, but he has his work to do, and I "Yes, he is fend of you, and I think he

MAKES A PERSON NEW.

Farewell to wakeful nights now! Good-by to insomnia and neart burn, and dyspensiand lack of appetite. The only thought is lotted by the economical friend for each day's living expenses. The pampered palwhich heretofore craved the dainties tid-bits in the way of pastry and food, now relishes the coarse loaf of the peasant and takes the bitter Belgium beer with an avidity of thirst. One rarely fares badly in a gastronomical sense in Belgium. The most unpretentious country inn will serve a good "table d' hote" for the modest sum of 30 cents. But one must know the price beforehand And he must have no sensitiveness about haggling. Not to be able to haggle in not to be able to live in Belgium. I am inclined to think a foreigner is judged by his ability in this respect and treated ac

cordingly. At Boren, for instance, I asked the price of a bed and dinner. Three francs for the bed, 4 for the dinner 50 centimes for a candle and 50 for service. was the reply. "I cannot pay any such amount," I said

firmly, "Will you pay 2 for the bed and 3 for the dinner?"
"Decidedly not." "One franc and 50 centimes for the bed

then, and 2 for the dinner?" "No; too much by far. "What will you pay?"
"We will pay 1 franc apiece for rooms,

for dinner and 50 centimes for cale-au-lait in the morning."
"Bien! bien!" was the response, "and I shall be happy to bring the scafe to the

This is a sample of the conversation which passes between my landlady and I at every stopping place. In point of fact, I am becoming a professional haggier. I don't like the business, I admit, but these good folk seem to expect it, and I notice that when-ever I make a tradesman or innkeeper come down half in his price, he treats me with more respect. No doubt the discovery that I am not a fool gratifies him. THE PEOPLE OF BELGIUM.

On the whole, the Belgians are an admiable people, though. I like them. They are more polite than the French, and more honest than Italians. And then they are so fat and rosy, and hearty and jolly goodnatured, it is a pleasure to be near them. They are excellent good to look at, too. And some of the girls are very handsome, in a robust fashion.

We left Boren and continued our walk to Mechlin, a distance of two miles. The first quarter lay through the brick kilns of Belgium. It was for the most part bad walking, but one cannot regret the oppor-tunity thus afforded of seeing into real home life of the peasant. Mile after mile stretched the sheds of kilns. Low, sharp peaked structures, with red painted roofs, piled high with unbaked bricks, hundreds upon hundreds of men, women and children, each busily employed in some one or other of the processes of manufacture, women with their babies tied in wheelbarrows in lieu of cradles, bearing loads of clay on their sturdy shoulders to the man who fashioned the clay into molds, which boys and girls carried to the yards and ranged in regular rows to dry in the sun. Each and every village was bustling with activity. Every body was at work, even the dogs. Only the babies were allowed to sleep in their primi-tive cribs or kick their fat legs in the warm sunshine. Most of these peasants are born and raised within the shadows of the kilns. Here they live; here they die. Their ider of heaven is no doubt a k:ln. If you were to tell them of a country where there were no kilns they would look vague and incred-ulous and shake their heads and tell you they wouldn't care to live in a place like that.

THE WAGES PAID. The women are paid about 1 franc per day, the children balt that amount. Boys whose sturdy legs enable them to tramp briskly back and forward under the heavy loads are worth more. And herein they attain the sammit of their desires. As a matter of fact a boy with an ambition outside the kilos would be looked upon as an ingrate, an outcast. He would be thought only.

PUTTING UP A PLAY feeble in his mind, if not out of his wits altogether. And prayers and petitions would be made the Holy Virgin on his

sceount. The courtesy and politeness of these rude untaught peasants is extraordinary. The smallest lad will tip his cap if you speak to him. The shopkeeper is equally gracious. He will thank you from his heart and soul, for buying a penny roll, and wish you bon yoyage from the sidewalk. If you ask for a certain street of a chance passer-by, he will walk back half a block to point it out to you. Everyone bows as you pass and no one, from the smallest child, forgets to wish one, from the smallest child, lorgets to wish you good day. These people may not mean quite all they say, but it is good to hear them say it at any rate. As they have no possible way of learning civility and politeness, one can only assume that it is born with them. True courtesy is always in the

On leaving the brick kilns which stretch many miles, one comes in sight of the garri-son of Boren—a great stone stronghold—surrounded by a most and further guarded by spruce-looking soldiers, with gallant swords swinging by their sides and high-pointed caps tipping jauntily from their heads.

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE. Do not leave one village so late as to reach another after nightfall. The good country folk are for the most part suspicious of strangers whom the darkness ushers in. We met with a thrilling adventure by doing this-one which might have had a ing this—one which might have had a serious, if not disastrous, termination. It happened in this way. We left Boren at 2 in the afternoon to walk to Mechlin, and reached the outskirts of the town just as the shades of twilight were fading into the blackness of night, and the late evening chimes of the famous Mechlin bells were tolling a sweet lullaby to the faithful sleeping within the shadows of the church. After our usual custom, we avoided the hotels, and inquired for a room in the

various cales and estanimets. Imagine our surprise when one after another eyed us suspiciously, and politely, but firmly, refused us admittance. One said it was too late; another that their rooms were full; a third that they didn't take strangers, and so on. Surprise soon turned o disappointment, and disappointment to indignation and desnair! Time meanwhile sped swiftly on It always does when you are going to be hauged or catch a train. It grew later and later, and there we were, homeless and alone in a foreign land! By elmost every house had barred its shutters and doors. The street lamps waxed dim and it began to rain! Finally, I espied a somber-looking hotel, through the windows of which glimmered a faint light.

MADE BOLD BY FATIGUE.

We entered a brick courtvard, filled with tables and chairs and a motly throng of beer drinkers, and inquired of a sleek-looking waiter in full dress if we could get a room. Certainly we could, if we didn't mind pay-ing 3 francs and going up on the top floor. My friend-a fearless, masculine sort of woman-said all right and bravely followed the man up the stairs. I was frightened, but I was tired, wet and anxious, and glad of the friendly shelter of any roof. The cham-ber was, as he said, at the very top of the house, and I think we must have climbed some half-dozen pairs of stairs before reaching it. To our surprise, it was elegantly furnished. The bed was large and handsomely draped in lace; the stone floor was covered with numerous rugs; the windows

were curtained in damask, and the dressing case and chairs were of rich wood. The sleek attendant lingered for a few moments and finally withdrew. He was a dark, foreign-looking chap, with small, black eyes and the movements of a cat. I hated him on the spot-more-I tenred him. We were not long in retiring for the night, but oddly enough, neither of us own creation when I last saw it. A serie could compose ourselves to sleep. Hour of stage managers have had a whack at itafter hour dragged wearily on. Finally, just as we were about to fall into a doze, I just as we were about to fail into a doze, I remembered that I had not made fast the door. Thinking that perhaps my friend might also have fogotten it, I slipped out of bed, and lighting the candle, felt for the bolt. As I did so my heart gave a great throbbing bound, the door was not only open, but there was neither key, bolt nor lock; no way, in fact, of fastening it at all. For a moment I stood trembling and speech-

A STEALTHY STEP OUTSIDE.

A fearful dread grew upon me. My teeth began to chatter. A feeling of dizziness came over me. I was about to awaken my triend when a stealthy step outside arrested my attention and rooted me in terror to the spot. Someone was in the halt. I heard the creeping sound of shoeless feet. Then a hand stole noiselessly to the door. I tried to move. I could not. I was riveted to the floor. All power went from me. The hand outside swept across the panels of the door, until it found the boit. Here it made a rattling noise and I knew perfectly well what would follow. The bolt slid in the lock, the door was made perfectly fast. Then the soft, snake-like steps died away and all was

We were locked in! More than likely they meant to rob and murder us. We carried very little money, it is true; but I had a letter of credit and some jewelry in a bag around my neck, and friend had a valuable watch and chain. Not much, to be sure; but sufficient to cost us our lives at the hands of the flends into whose murderous clutches we had fallen. I have no words to describe the agony of the hours that followed. Each moment we feared might be our last. We were afraid to call an alarm from the window, for it opened into the courtyard below. We could not jump out without killing ourselves. nothing, absolutely nothing t do but wait for our doom.

THE ROBBERY PERPETRATED. The bells of Mechlin had tolled 3 o'clock when I again heard that catlike step in the hall. This time, however, the movements were quicker and not quite so guarded. I had scarcely recovered from my first sense of fright when the bolt was withdrawn and the door softly opened. The waiter who had received us stood in the doorway. He didn't hesitate or beat about the bush. He came at once to the point and informed us of the character of the house we were in. They would not do us any bodily harm, he said, but they would make us pay a big price to get out. If we wanted to strike a bargain with him, however, we could do so to much better advantage. He was only a servant, but, heaven knows, he had a little heart. He would not rob us. He would only ask a "petit pourboire!" A mere bagatelle, a fee big enough to pay him for his trouble and the risk he ran. No more-not a france more! He was an honest fellow-God and the Virgin knew that perfectly well-but he had to live somehow. "How much do you want?" I demanded of the rascal, whom I felt was as likely to

of the rascal, whom I left was as lively betray us as his employer's.
"Fifty francs, and little enough when you consider the risk I run."
"I will give you 25 if you will get us out of here at once; but I will not give it to you

but it is true on the other hand that a good many plays that were practically worthless as turned out by their writers have been made successful by good stage managers and good people. I should prefer, however, to have the management of the piece and the people in my own hands during this program of the growth. I am more than ever ress of the growth. I am more than ever convinced, as I become familiar with the until we are safe in the street." The rascal grumbled and called some half public taste, that a man is not a good judge of his own production. I do not refer to a dozen or more saints to witness his honesty of purpose, but finally consented and ten minutes later we were on the sidewalk. We this in a literary sense, but in a sense of striking the public pulse. Independently fled from the spot, half dead with fright and fatigue, and passing a large of everything else, this is what we work for.
"I have seen some of my pieces, in which hotel, rang up the porter and asked for a room. We had to pay a big price for it, but after our fearful experience of the I take a pardonable pride, and from which I have made money, fall dead flat in certain places and in other places they have drawn crowded houses. This question of locality is a thing that a man must needs study assidnight, we were willing to pay anything.
LILLIAN SPENCER. iously if he desires to make money instead of losing it. What will go in one place will

THE BOYAL YACHTS

Descriptive List and Interesti Concerning Them. The royal yachts, says Spare Moments, belong to the navy, and their crews are selected from other ships of war. The yachts in question are the Victoria and Albert, of

"I have watched some audiences until it seemed to send a cold chill up my spinal column. I could see that it strikes the nerves of every member of the company at the same time. I have hung upon the chances of getting through that cold upper crust until the second and third act, then to see it melt away and everybody go away pleased at the close. The same piece in other cities would be received with uproarious applause from the very beginning and 2 470 tons and 2,980 horse power; the Alberta of 370 tons and 1,208 horse power; and the Etfin, of 93 tons and 181 horse power; and These three are for Her Majesty's own use, and besides those, there is also one called the Osborne, of 1,850 tons and 3,360 horse

Hoyt Explains Some of the Difficul-

ties to be Overcome.

hard to break away, as far as the public is

concerned and be appreciated in any other vein. With the exception of 'A Midnight Bell,' and 'A Texas Steer," I have written

nothing but farce-comedy and the variety business. It is my desire to reach a little

higher than this, and although I cannot say that I have done so in the last two men-

tioned productions, I have hopes of the fu-

"In the case of 'A Texas Steer' I went to Washington and earefully studied the ground on which my principal scenes are laid and the characters which my people

were to represent. In this I was greatly as-sisted by my friend Ben Butterworth and

others. I shall never forget the courtesy

Butterworth was something of a humorist

himself, and I never saw a man to catch a

humorous suggestion or help out in the elaboration of one as he did. Of course my

characters are largely an exaggeration, but

in the expression of genuine comedy, this exaggeration is not only allowable, but

ecessary."
"Has the measure of your success in these

new publications justified you in your own opinion in leaving the lighter vein of farce-

comedy with which you have been identified?"

"Yes, I think so. I was a little shaky

about the reception of 'A Texas Steer in New York, although we had done a pretty good business on the road and had pruned

the play and rounded it out where it needed it, but still I felt some anxiety as to how it would be received here. I watched that

first audience on the opening night with considerable anxiety. While the result was

apparently satisfactory to others, I was con-

inced that the audience was disappointed.

That is to say, it came to see something it

MUST REACH A NEW CLASS.

"People who go to see variety business will not be satisfied if they are confronted with legitimate commedy. Those who turn out to see a tragedy feel as though they have

been cheated out of their money, if they see nothing but fun. And so it goes. They ex-pected to see in "A Texas Steer" something like my other work and in this, of course,

they were disappointed. Now if I should continue in a new line of work it is perfectly

apparent to me and to any intelligent man

and attract a different class of people. In fact I must shift my audiences. Of course

it will take time to determine how success

ful a writer may be in this respect. I shall

"Are you at work on a new piece now,
Mr. Hoyt?" was inquired.
"I am always at work," said the industri-

ous playwriter, glancing at the sheet on his desk and at his watch.

"This was considered a pretty strong hint and we took it, apologizing at the same time

MASSAGE OF THE STOMACH.

How the Operation is Performed and the Re-

sults Obtained From It.

In the forms of dyspepsia that are due to

some disorder in the action of the muscles

of the walls of the stomach, physical and

mechanical therapeutical agents, such as massage, electricity and hydrotherapeutics,

are usually a valuable complement to the

dietic and pharmaceutical treatment. The

massage of the stomach can be performed in

two ways-when the stomach is full or when

it is empty. M. Cseri, of Pesth, has given a very careful set of directions for the mass-

age of the stomach when it is full. It must be done when the food has become thoroughly impregnated with the gastric juice—that is

pylorus for two or three minutes. This

in the same direction and for a similar

length of time, and then by more energetic

and deeper rubbing, to end up by rapid and gentle friction performed in such a way

When this massage is skilfully performed it is not disagreeable to the patient. It

drives out by the œsophagus the abundant gas which was disturbing the stomach; It

stimulates the spontaneous contractions of

that organ and it relieves the customary

of this order are subject. If, after the

painful feeling of fulness to which patients

seance, the patient has an agreeable sensa

tion about the epigastrium, accompanied by a gentle feeling of warmth, this indicates that

the massage has been well done and that the

length of the seance has been sufficient. If,

tigue and desire for sleep, it will be neces-sary to proceed more gently and to lessen the length of the seances in the future.

WORTHY OF A WAG.

A Practical Joke, With a Ludicrous Ending.

Played Upon a Coachmau.

A gentleman who has something of a

reputation as a wag, says Spare Moments,

was passing a large draper's shop. There,

drawn up, were three or four vehicles, and

the other hand, there is a feeling of fa-

that the whole seance shall not last me

than 10 or 15 minutes.

should be followed by kneading movements

CHAS. T. MURRAY

did not see.'

for our interrupt

New York Herald. 1

with which they treated me in Washington

FUN IN BEN BUTTERWORTH.

ture.

THE SUCCESSFUL PIECE GROWS.

Stage Managers and Good People Often Save Poor Writers.

THE PECULIARITY OF AUDIENCES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH NEW YORK, November 22 .- "A play in its inception is little more than a mere outline on which are hung incidents of dramatic action commonly called a plot."

The speaker was a well-known playwriter. Measured by his success, he is unquestionably the most noted and distinguished American playwriter of the day. While all of his earlier efforts were directed to the production of what is known as farcecomedy, he has recently betrayed an ambition to do something in a more serious vein, of a more distinctly comedy nature. He is yet a young man and a man as yet unspoiled by the flattery and financial fortune which attend success in dramatic work of any kind. He is a close student, a naturally excellent stage manager, and can give on occasion a practical illustration of any role of his own creation. With such a combination talents, there is practically nothing in his line impossible to such a man.

A PEN PICTURE OF HOYT. Sitting in his little den of an office on the second floor of an ancient dwelling house on upper Broadway he would strike even the casual visitor as a remarkable man. His face, smooth save the close reddish mustache, is a lengthy oval, clean cut, with rather long and pointed chin, while his clear white forehead is just high enough and broad enough to pleasantly outline a symmetrical head. The eyes give rather a serious expression to the whole. They are the sad and serious eyes of the traditional man who grinds out humor that the rest of the world may laugh.

In point of personal appearance this individual would strike you as being a trifle over-dressed. There is a sort of speaking tone in his elegant jewelry, diamonds, etc. akin to "loudness."

This gentleman's name is Hoyt.

It is his little private den set aside by crude partition from the general offices of Messrs. Hoyt & Thomas, theatrical agents and managers. A big three-sheet lady is pinned against the wall by the side of a rolltop desk. Cartoons and rough sketches of other bill-board stuff are here and there. On this desk is a single sheet of paper con taining certain marginal memoranda—the growing outlines of a new play from this prolific writer.

A PLAY IS A GROWTH. "The real play is a growth," continued Mr. Hoyt. "It is not written at once. Even after it has been laid out, filled in as to details of plot and dialogue, polished down adjusted and readjusted with reference to the business of particular characters and staged and played, it is still not yet a play-at least not the play as it will finally reach

the public."
"I should say not," remarked another farce-comedy writer, who has a couple of plays on the road. "When I write another play it will be but a rough outline. I didn't know my own creation when I last saw it. A series every actor and actress wants his or her part changed or modified to suit his or her part changed or modified to suit his or her sup-posed talents. When they get through with it, by the close of the season there will be very little of the original play left."

"Exactly," says Mr. Hoyt. "Sometimes this fearing down and toning up improves a niece and sometimes it down." With

to say, two or three hours after meals, at the very moment when the spontaneous contrac-tions of the stomach begin to pour its contents into the duodenum.

The patient should lie flat on the back, piece, and sometimes it doesn't. With my own plays, I personally oversee eyery part of the game from the time it leaves my hands to the time it starts out on the road. the head raised by two pillows and the mouth open. It is well to begin by gentle friction in a direction running from the larger curve of the stomach toward the

LIKES TO HAVE A HAND IN IT.

"I stage my own pieces and always try at least to compel those who are to perform the various parts to follow the impersonations marked out for them. I say try, because it is a very difficult job to compel them to do it. I had the hardest kind of work to convince those who first took out 'A Bunch of Keys' that it was not customary in everyday life for one man to wrap his legs around another fellow's neck on an informal greeting. Of course if you and I did that on but it is not the way people commonly do, and while I am in favor of leaving the largest latitude to play writers and actors, ther ought to be some limitation placed upon the

performers. "It actually made me sick when I first saw how they had despoiled my original text and the business laid down by me. It wasn't until I eliminated all those eccentricities of the various members of the com-pany that 'A Bunch of Keya' really began to pay. I have made a close study of audiences in various parts of the country, and have learned that it is a mistake to suppos that because people laugh and shout at any particular act of a performer that it should be left in the piece and reperformed nightly for the benefit of other people.

RIGHTS OF THE MANAGERS "In your case it is different. You write plays and sell them to some manager, and this manager, who probably embarks his

among them was a closed brougham with money in the enterprise, thinks he has a perfect right to cut and mangle to suit himthe driver fast asleep on the box. Evidently the mistress was inside the shop. Without a word the wag stole quickly up, and openself. As long as you get your royalties he goes on the assumption that you have nothing to say about it," ing the carriage door earefully slammed it to. In a moment the coachman straightened up and gazed down the street at the electric "That is just exactly a point in which I differ with those managers," said the other play writer. "If I write a play I certainly have some interest at stake in its successful never seen anything so interesting in his life. Then he stole a look over his shoulder production. If the play is a failure as I and saw the wag standing, hat in hand, apparently talking to someone inside the carriage. "Thank you; ves, good day," said the wag, and bowed himself gracefully away sent it out then the responsibility falls upon me; there is where it should fall. If they take a play of mine, however, and cut it all to pieces and virtually make a new play of it, I am compelled to suffer the consequences the wag, and bowed himself gracefully away from the door, turning as he did so to look at the driver, and say, "Home!" "Yes, sir! tch! get up!" and off went the brougham of its failure. As I said before, the next

one I try will be a mere outline upon which

not go in another, and what is received as a tremendous hit in Boston will fall flat in

PECULIARITY OF AUDIENCES

"I have watched some audiences until it

ious applause from the very beginning and the hilarity would continue to the end. On

such occasions the company usually comes

out strong. "I am now struggling with a new condi-

New York and vice versa.

the purchaser can hang any sort of business he desires and take the responsibility for Where that "home" was, who the mistress changing my ideas." of the carriage was, or what she did when she came out of the shop, or what the coach-THE MAKING OF SOME PLAYS. man did when he stopped at the door of the "There can be no castiron rules in such 'home" and found the carriage empty, all cases," remarked Mr. Hoyt. "It is true it seems a little hard in such a case as yours, but it is true on the other hand that a good that only the coachman and lady know.

Balanced on a Pin. Boston Globe. 1

Two knives of equal weight; a bottle, two corks and two pins. That's all there is to it. The boy or girl who puts them together as shown in the cut will get a curious illus

ration of the way in which that most im portant thing in, on or around the world—gravity—does its work. If there's difficulty in making one pin rest on the point of the other, flatten it a little at the point of con-

Boston Herald. 1

"How strange it is," remarked Gibbs, "that taking a day off now and then tends to lengthen man's life instead of shortening it."

tion of things," continued Mr. Hoyt. "I am so strongly identified with the song and dance business of farce comedy that I find it QUIET JUDGE LYNCH

Necktie Party is All a Myth.

The Howling Mob Part of a Southern

SILENCE IS THE WATCHWORD.

Lawless Execution of a Negro in Daylight That Serves as a Type.

SCENES THAT WERE TRYING TO NERVES

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE.] BIRMINGHAM, ALA., November 22 .-In the stereotyped newspaper reports of a lynching you are sure to find this paragraph, and it is usually under a thrilling sub-head: "An angry mob of masked men then seized the prisoner, and, dragging him to the woods nearby, the guilty, cowering wretch was strung up to the nearest limb. His body was left hanging until morning, when it was cut down by the Coroner, who

will hold an inquest." In some well-regulated newspaper offices these lines are kept on the "standing galley" ready for any emergency. I have witnessed two lynchings and both were conducted "with decency and in order." In neither case could the lynchers be described as an "angry mob," and not one of them wore a mask, although one of the events occurred

at 10 o'clock in the morning.
In the S uthern States, when a woman is assaulted, be her assailant black or white, he is lynched in seven cases out of ten. The white men of the South will not trust the law to punish this crime. In most cases these lynchings are done quietly, and as a matter of business or necessity. They are not the work of an "angry mob" whose passionate thirst for vengeance can only be quenched by blood, but of cool, brave men who think only of protecting their mothers, wives and daughters.

A TYPICAL LYNCHING BEE.

Two years ago George Meadows, a negro, was lynched at Pratt Mines, five miles from was lynched at Fratt slines, and miles from this city. The lynching occurred at 10 o'clock in the morning, and was witnessed by 1,500 people, many of them women and children. Meadows had assaulted a white lady and murdered her little son who had bravely tried to protect his mother. Every white man and boy in the vicinity quit work as soon as they heard of the crime, and, armed with whatever weapons they possessed or could borrow, they joined the searching parties. The negro was soon caught, but his victim was unconscious. A

thousand armed men gathered about that negro, but there were no cries of "lynch him!" no threats of vengeance, no oaths. "Wait until Mrs. —— is able to see him; we don't want to make a mistake," said the men, who, by reason of their age or courage, were the acknowledged leaders of the party. Patiently the crowd—it was not a mob—waited. Two days and nights the negro was guarded in the woods, where his captors could have defied a thousand sheriffs. Not a threat was heard, not an ex-

clamation of impatience; the crowd did not want to make a mistake. THE PROOF OF GUILT.

The third morning the doctor said the lady was strong enough to see the prisoner. Out of the woods came a long, silent procession of men surrounding a trembling black figure. Down through the principal street of the little town they marched with slow and steady step. Every moment the crowd grew larger, but still not a threat was heard; no one asked, "what are you going to do with him?" The home of the woman was reached, and while the crowd gathered around the house, every man silent as a statue, four of the leaders led the negro inside. "There is a reporter here," said a man,

whose nerves were probably giving way under the long strain. "Make room for him, we want the papers

to know everything," said one of the leaders.
One, two, three, four minutes the men remained inside the house. When they peared at the door coming out, the look of terror on the face of the negro had deepened, but his head was erect and he was trying hard to appear defiant and unconcerned "What did she say?"

A thousand men asked the question at once, but their voices were low. Every man held his breath to hear the answer. Their faces turned a shade paler, the gleam of their eyes grew more intense, their guns were clasped a little tighter, but not a man uttered a threat of lyuching. The silence was perfect as the four men holding the negro paused at the foot of the doo and one of them said quietly: "He is the

man." OFF FOR THE GALLOWS. A dozen men formed a hollow square about the prisoner and led the way back through the town to the top of a wooded hill beyond. Scarcely a word was spoken by the white-faced, stern-looking men who fol-lowed. Women and children had joined the crowd, but they were as silent as their husbands and fathers. No one in all that throng had said "lynch him," yet no one

asked, "what are they going to do with Under a large oak tree at the summit of the hill the leaders paused with the black prisoner. An old man stepped forward, glanced up at a strong branch of the tree, then turning to the crowd, said quietly: "This will do." Some one in the crowd pushed his way to the front and handed a rope to the man under the tree. No one knew who had provided the rope, and no one asked. At sight of the rope the black prisoner weakened. His air of bravado was gone in an instant. He trembled in every limb, his eyeballs seemed to swell to doubl their normal size, and in a low voice he began to beg for mercy. No one listened to him. In a moment one end of the rope was thrown over the limb, and as the throw

was made, another man was tying a hangman's knot at the other end. EVERYTHING DONE IN ORDER. "Tie his hands and feet," ordered one of the leaders when the rope was ready. A wail of terror broke from the lips of the

trembling negro, but not a muscle relaxed in the stern white faces around him. "Oh Lord, let me pray," he moaned, and the men who held the rope said quietly: "Let him pray."

Down on his knees fell the negro moaning and praying, and the men around him re-moved their hats. "He's praying!" A whisper went through the crowd and

all around the men removed their hats and bowed their heads. Softer lines came into bowed their heads. Sefter lines came into the stern white faces for a moment, but there were no lines of mercy for the doomed negro. "That's enough, George, stand up!" said the man with the rope, and the negro stag-gered to his feet. Five or six men stepped forward, and in a moment the negro was bound hand and foot, and the noose was around his neck. As the noose was adjusted he gave one unearthly shock of tarrow and he gave one unearthly shrick of terror and then became silent. The crowd moved back

a little to make room about the tree. Every man held his breath and watched the dangling rope.
"Pull him up!" THE LAST SCHNE. The command was given in a low voice and no one looked to see who gave it. A dozen strong hands held the rope. There was one quick, steady pull, and the negro was writhing and struggling ten feet above ground. The crowd backed away a little

further and 500 guns were pointed at the "One, two, three, fire!" The report was almost deafening. There was one quick, convulsive movement of the dangling body and

then it hung motionless, Every man there breathed one long, full breath of relief, the hard, stern lines in their faces disappeared, their natural color returned and they turned slowly from the scene. It was over, the negro was dead, but from first to last no man in all that throng had said "Lynch him!"

W. L. HAWLEY,

MOTHERS, do not be without Shiloh's Cure in your house. It will cure group and whoolving cough. Sold by Jos. Fleming & Son. 412 "are ket st.